

## Devotional and Selections

### "HE WOUNDETH AND HIS HANDS MAKE WHOLE."

So many things we can not understand,  
 So much there is to make our souls afraid;  
 And yet, we trust. Our Father has command,  
 To Him we look for guidance and for aid;  
 We know "He woundeth and His hands make whole,"  
 Then, when life's troubles are so hard to bear,  
 Sweet faith will shine to cheer the chastened soul,  
 And raise us heavenward on the wings of prayer.

Though sore afflictions have faint hearts dismayed  
 The Great Physician sees and understands;  
 If on our wounds His healing touch is laid  
 We may rejoice—"Our times are in His hands";  
 All worldly avarice, treachery and deceit  
 With fortitude unfailing we may meet.

Margaret Scott Hall.

Kirkwood, Ga.

### THE SURRENDERED LIFE.

My Dear Mrs. B.: It seems to me that the theology of the "full surrender" is well calculated to deceive men.

I believe; I am therefore a saved man.

Now pray tell me what sin I can refuse to surrender until I have made the "full surrender."

The young woman will hold on to her pleasures. "But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." The young man will continue in his grosser sins. And at the end of life both will find themselves in perdition. They had been led to believe that they might be true believers without a full surrender. But they could not.

There is, however, as has been admitted, a full surrender, in an orthodox sense of the term, when the believer's will shall be brought into perfect harmony with God's will. This is a progressive work. The believer strives daily to fulfill his covenant engagements. And when he has made good all that he surrendered to God, when he first believed, he will "immediately pass into glory."

And now the question arises, How are we to attain to this full surrender?

Substitute full surrender for holiness in the following extract from *The Western Christian Advocate*, and you have my views to a dot:

"Holiness can never come as a result of a training in any line of special theological terms. It does not consist in accepting any peculiar and technical definitions, invented and set forth by would-be specialists who vainly imagine that the proclaimed belief in some specific statements, phraseologies, and distinctions will bring men at once into this grace.

Dogmatic affirmations concerning it can never take the place of actual holy living.

"It is far more a life than a 'profession,' an experience rather than a formal creed, a character than a 'testimony.' The secret of it lies not in abstractions, not in metaphysics, but in inspiration toward God daily and in the imitation of Christ. It is to be won, if at all,

through every day's discipline and trial; through work, suffering, patience, self-denial, helpfulness, and prayer; through careful study of the Word and profound meditation upon its truths; through the Church and its organized religious activities and philanthropies; through the ordinary 'means of grace'—the public worship, where every truly practical or spiritual Gospel sermon is in verity a holiness sermon; through the prayer meeting, the class meeting, and every other form of service."

E. S. K.

### THE CAMPHOR-TREE LESSON.

It was early in the springtime that, noticing that a sapling was being planted in front of our cottage, we made bold to query of our landlord, who is well along in years: "Do you expect to sit under the shade of that camphor tree?"

"Oh, certainly," was the ready rejoinder, "and I shall not have long to wait, either. You will be surprised to see the rapid growth it makes, this being your first year in California."

The following month was so windy, however, that every day we expected to see the tiny camphor tree broken by the force that carried so much before it. Out of sympathy for the little tree, we even went so far as to suggest to our landlord that he protect it from the wind.

"You told me to watch its magic growth," I said, "but it surely can not grow when it is so continually whipped about. It looks as if it were dying already."

Then the man who from long experience as a horticulturist is considered an oracle in his line, shook his head as he smilingly rejoined: "Looks are deceptive sometimes, you know. I admit that the sapling doesn't look as if it was making much headway, but the truth is that what seems bad for it is favorable condition. Now, if I had planted it after the windy season had passed, it would have held its own better, apparently; but what strikes you as detrimental to its growth is only strengthening the tiny tree to endure the heat and sunshine of our climate. For being whipped about as it is, drives the roots deeper and deeper into the ground, so that while it may appear to be suffering at the top it is really getting rooted and grounded, ready for vigorous growth."

The weeks and months have slipped away until now, six months later, the then sapling is such a flourishing little camphor tree that ever since the whipping winds began to play their part it has seemed as if I could actually see it grow. And its growth has been a constant sermon, for I have seen that the planter was right in saying that the winds which from our viewpoint endangered the sapling but strengthened the roots. And so I have been kept in mind of Paul's letter to the Ephesians: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love," etc. And many times when I have been tempted to wonder why life's storms have so whipped about some of his children, I have remembered the camphor tree, and the Comforter has seemed to whisper: "They are only being rooted and grounded in love."—Selected.